ROYAL TEARS!

H630. c. 17
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SACRED TO

FILIAL PIETY.

By WILLIAM WHITMORE.

" ——— NEQUE CUIQUAM TAM STATIM CLARUM."

" INGENIUM EST, UT POSSIT EMERGERE; NISI ILLI MATERIA."

" OCCASIO, FAUTOR ETIAM COMMENDATORQUE CONTINGAT."

PLINII EPIST.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AT THE LOGOGRAPHIC PRESS,
AND SOLD BY
J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY; R. BALDWIN, AND J. BEW, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND J. SEWELL, CORNHILL.

MDCCLXXXV.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

ERRATA.—Page 5, Stanza III. for *angry*, read *anger'd*.

Page 19, Stanza XIV. for turn *away*, read turn *aside*.

Page 15, Stanza XII. for *pall'd*, read *pal'd*.

ROYAL TEARS,

or

THE ABDICATION.

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

ROYAL TEARS.

EXORDIUM.

I.

OCTOBER, told the Summer o'er,
The leaves began to fade,
The fields had render'd up their ſtore,
And Autumn's debt was paid.

II.

Faſt from the North dark Winter flew,
Impell'd by driving ſleet,
Chill Fogs o'erſpread, where pearly Dew,
Late ſhew'd the wand'rers feet.

III.

Safe in his barn, the hind oft' kenn'd,
And bleſs'd his grain-fill'd floor;
Unheedful ſaw the ſtorm deſcend,
His fears and toil no more.

IV.

Ah, happy ſtate!— Whoſe woes the ſun,
Or ſouthern gales can chace,
Whoſe care the morning ſees begun,
And ſets at eve with peace.

V.

Whoſe chearful mate, and healthful brood
Of fondlings, ſhare each blifs;
Hail his return, Supreme of Good,
And eager claim the kiſs.

VI.

The kiſs of love return'd,—whoſe board,
With wholeſome food is fill'd;
Kind produce!—which his yards afford,
Or grateful paſtures yield.

VII.

Who, unembarraſs'd, ſinks to reſt,
His mind uncharg'd with grief,
Affection tenant of his breaſt,
Hard labour's ſweet relief.

VIII.

To whom, old age appears a friend,
Companion of the way,
From earth's abode, where joys ſoon end,
To realms of endleſs day.

IX.

Who, no unpenanc'd ſin alarms
At death's tremendous hour,
Who, hope of future glory warms,
And damps the tyrant's pow'r.

X.

O'er whoſe mild bier no banners wave,
No plumed pomp attends.
Whoſe relics find an humble grave,
Upborn by weeping friends.

XI.

O'er whom an emblematic thorn,
Spontaneous fragrance throws,
And tells—ſuch ſweets did late adorn,
The corſe beneath its roſe.

XII.

Ah! envied ſtate!—Unknown of thoſe,
Whom wealth or grandeur claim,
Supreme in pow'r, ſupreme in woes!
Sad ſlaves!—to dear bought fame.

ROYAL TEARS.

I.

'OCTOBER, told the Summer o'er,
'The leaves began to fade;
'The fields had render'd up their ſtore,
'And Autumn's debt was paid.

II.

'Faſt from the North dark Winter flew,
'Impell'd by driving fleet,
'Chill foggs o'erſpread, where pearly dew
Late ſhew'd the wand'rer's feet.'

III.

Zephyr, from Ocean's angry lip,
Retir'd to milder ſhore;
Where never wind uplifts the deep,
Or mountain billows roar.

IV.

Preſs'd with the cares of ſtate unkind,
Unhappy STUART lay;
And thus revolv'd within his mind,
His ſad eventful day!

I.

" PAST are the hours of popular acclaim,
" And ever huſh'd the trumpet voice of fame!
" From Belgia's coaſt ambition ſeeks a throne,
" And ſhipwreck'd JAMES's golden day is done!

II.

" Haſte on ye hours! to cloſe the page of fate!
" And with my ſuff'rings be thoſe ills complete,
" Which wrath divine, unchangeably hath will'd,
" Since firſt our hapleſs race a ſceptre held.

III.

" Look from your ſeats, ye laſt ill-fated pair *!
" Look down with pity on your ſorrow's heir!
" Yours were ſelf-center'd woes alone, but mine!
" The Huſband's, Father's, and the King's combine!

IV.

" Roll inward thought, and trace th' impending ſtorm!
" Pointed! Thine ev'ry virtue to deform;
" Whoſe whirlwind rage, inverts juſt Nature's courſe,
" And calls the curſe from Parent-bleſſing ſource!

* Charles I. and Mary, Queen of Scots.

V.

V.

" Child of my early youth*; art thou decreed!
" To wreſt my kingdoms, and uncrown my head!
" Thy will, O God, be done!—I'll only weep!
" They muſt not murmur, who thy ſtatutes keep.

VI.

" Yet if't had pleas'd Thee to inveſt ſome foe!
" With pow'r executive, to ſtrike this blow;
" I had in ſilence mourn'd, however hard!—
" Tho' the King griev'd, the Father had been ſpar'd.

VII.

" Now flow, involuntary tears, now riſe,—
" Unbidden burſts of paſſion! Heart-felt ſighs!
" Heav'n, and earth, jointly rend, this lab'ring breaſt!
" What wou'd my child!—Oh, Nature, give me reſt!

VIII.

" If I ſubmit me!—Whither ſhall I roam?
" Where! wretched exile wait, 'till ſummon'd home!
" To that bleſſ'd home, where ſorrow ne'er is found,
" Where virtue reigns, and virtuous deeds are crown'd!

* Mary being a daughter of his firſt marriage.

IX.

" Tell me, Religion!—Shall I to ſome cell?—
" There ſtrive this turbulence of ſoul to quell!
" Will ſolitude and pray'r diſperſe my woes?
" While unremov'd the cauſe from whence they 'roſe.

X.

" Cauſes muſt ſtill remain, new cauſes 'riſe,
" The unprovided pierce me with their cries!
" Th' extremeſt verge explor'd, ſtill flight were vain!
" And ev'ry length'ning pace, a pace of pain.

XI.

" Pale melancholy reigns!—'Tis ſilence all!—
" 'Tis broke!—A light foot echo's from the hall!—
" A beauteous form approaches! late how dear?
" Alphonſo's daughter* I comes to ſeek deſpair.

XII.

" And it is found.—Hide me ye walls, from ſight!
" Leaſt my dark fate eclipſe her virtuous light.
" It will not be!—She's here!—Hold! Hold my heart!
" And dictate Heav'n!—thy council how to part.

* James's ſecond wife; daughter of Alphonſo, Duke of Modena.

XIII.

" Wife of my boſom! By this ſtarting tear!
" Fly!—I conjure thee,—fly!—There's all to fear!—
" Oh! worſe than death!—Adieu!—Let this embrace
" Reſt on thy lips, till, by Eternal Grace,

XIV.

" We're join'd to part no more.—Away!—Away!—
" William comes on!—Perhaps another day!—
" Oh! turn away thine eye!—In pity ſpare!
" My griefs are hard,—but thine I cannot bear!

I.

HERE utt'rance fail'd.—The graceful Dame,
Slow bending to the earth,
Claſp'd, with fond woe, the Honour'd Frame,
That gave her ſuff'rings birth.

II.

Ye who by Pleaſure's ſilken clue,
Purſue the fleeting ſhade
Of Bliſs in riot, turn to view;—
Behold how Pomp's array'd!

III.

Late round theſe walls, th' approving glance
From ev'ry eye was thrown,
Applauſe appear'd in each advance,
And only joy was known.

IV.

The dazzling tapers ſham'd the day,
The minſtrel's voice prevail'd;
The ſprightly dance amus'd the gay,
And Bacchus' charms regal'd.

V.

Nor yet decreas'd the moon that roſe
Upon the jocund train;
But ſadly chang'd her mild beam ſhews,
The late mirth-mingled ſcene.

VI.

No more the dazzling tapers blaze,
No minſtrel's voice is heard!
No dancers claim the gazer's praiſe,
Or croud the feſtive board.

VII.

Thus birds of Summer ſhun the North,
When Wint'ry blaſts are nigh;
Thus friends, in revelry and mirth,
Our tears and ſorrows fly.

VIII.

But ſoft!—Maria ſighs,—ſhe ſpeaks,—
Attentive liſt, ye fair!
A Wife!—a Queen!—a Mother! breaks
The ſilence—urg'd by care.

VI.

I.

" UNKIND Adviſer !—whither fly !—while here
" Remain the cauſes of a Mother's fear ;
" While here remains, with peril girt around,
" The prop on which laſt-ling'ring hope is bound.

II.

" If I cou'd fly from thought !—'T were well to fly,
" But faithful mem'ry, ſtill returns the eye,
" To thoſe events we either wiſh, or dread,
" Laughs with the gay, and murmurs with the ſad.

III.

" Dominion's loſs ſhould never break my reſt,
" Or wake a paſſion in this placid breaſt,
" If lodg'd ſecure, our infant charges lay,
" Where never treach'ry might their haunts betray.

IV.

" But thus to leave Thee! Nature bids forbear,
" And Trouble cloſer binds to one ſo dear.
" Thine ev'ry pleaſure ſhar'd, deny me not!
" The portion due of Fate's ſeverer lot.

V.

" 'Twere no avail to part! To bid adieu!—
" The circling hours would bring thee ſtill to view.
" Still Fancy would ſuggeſt thy ceaſeleſs ſighs,
" And ev'ry breeze waft o'er my children's cries.

VI.

" What tho' I ſought Italia's fruitful plains?
" Where love-inviting Æther conſtant' reigns,
" Where Flora's tend'reſt progeny ariſe,
" Safe from the fury of inclement ſkies.

VII.

" Where citron groves and myrtle-blooming hills,
" Their fragrance caſt around—Where cryſtal rills
" Meandring flow; where woodland ſongſters ſing
" Their grateful tributes for perpetual Spring.

VIII.

" All ſenſes dead, except the ſenſe of pain,
" The groves, and perfum'd hills would bloom in vain,
" The founts unheeded, murmur thro' the dale,
" And unregarded, chaunt the Nightingale.

IX.

" Though Nature ſmil'd, in vernal beauty dreſs'd,
" Still would my ſoul be lapt in Winter's veſt!
" Still bound with froſt, Love, Hope, and Joy, remain,
" And in thy arms alone, loſt peace regain.

X.

" Then doom me not, a widow'd ſtate to prove,
" Far from thyſelf, and pledges of thy love!
" Hear!—I conjure Thee, by the triple name!
" Of Huſband, Father, King!—My Wealth!—My Fame!

XI.

" All good, all ill,—thoſe little words contain,
" Fly hence, or ſtay,—A lenient anſwer deign!
" Behold who kneels!—Behold theſe ſtreaming eyes!—
" Liſt to my plaint,—Nor fruitleſs be my ſighs.

XII.

" Once was the time, (but why paſt time retrace?)
" You'd gaze enamour'd, on Maria's face;
" Tho' pall'd the roſes, think for whom they fell!
" Nor ſlight th' unfortunate, once lov'd ſo well.

I.

OFT in the confines of ſome dreary waſte,
A venerable Oak is found,
'Reft of its branches, by th' ætherial blaſt!
Its untouch'd trunk remaining ſound.

II.

The Monarch, thus, of all deſerted ſtood,
Save the moſt Wretched at his feet;
O'er whom, in ſilent woe his heart wept blood,
But faultering tongue refus'd to greet

III.

With words of comfort,—Comfort far was flow'n!
And love can never ſpeak deſpair;
Leſt cauſeleſs ſeeds of Hatred ſhould be ſown,
In breaſts that own our tend'reſt care.

IV.

A trumpet blew!—He ſtarted!—Strove to go!—
Held by the robe, his courſe was ſtopp'd,
Trembling—oppreſs'd—alarm'd—he turn'd—when lo!
Fate's direſt page was inſtant' op'd;—

V.

Again the trumpet blew—Tremendous hour!—
The cannon roll'd a dreadful peal!
A ſhout from thouſands, bleſs'd the new-made Pow'r—
And Eccho anſwer'd—WILLIAM, HAIL!

VI.

"A moment ſtay"—(burſt from th' aſtoniſh'd man,
Whoſe ear had drank late thrilling ſounds)
"Give me my children, take the reſt!—And reign!
"And may you never feel ſuch wounds!

VII.

" As pierce my ſoul."—Unbid, his knee impreſs'd
The earth—" Hear Heav'n"—He cou'd no more!
Maria caught him to her throbbing breaſt,
And mingling tears, they 'dew'd the floor.

I.

DARK was the night, dark as experienc'd fate,
Nor ſhone the Moon upon their aw'ful ſtate;
No lights, ſave ſhimmerings, thro' the troubled air,
From fires*, of joy to ſome, to theſe deſpair.

II.

Midnight paſt by,—the bell beat One!—A ray—
Bright as the ſun's firſt beam on infant day;
Ere yet a cloud, (expreſſive of our fall)
Obſcur'd his radiance, dignified the hall.

* Illuminations on William's landing.

III.

With courier ſpeed advanc'd, yet lightſome tread,
As mothers ſeek the ſlumb'ring infant's bed,
A ſlender Youth, a Cherub to the eye,
Juſt lit on earth, commiſſion'd from the ſky,

IV.

To ſoothe a Parent's grief—Such; BERWICK* ſtood,
And down his cheek faſt roll'd affection's flood,
A ſigh ſuppreſs'd, he charm'd Attention's ear,
With—"RISE, MY FATHER! LO! THY SON IS HERE!"

V.

With Eye, that told the anguiſh of his mind,
The Sire,—no more a Ruler o'er Mankind,
Turn'd to behold from whom thoſe words were giv'n,
That ſeem'd or Berwick's, or the words of Heav'n.

VI.

Convinc'd; he felt in ev'ry nerve, the claim,
His pious child poſſeſs'd—whoſe tender frame
Scarce ſixteen Summer Suns had ſeen complete,
Yet urg'd by duty, brav'd ſevereſt fate:

* BERWICK, his *Natural Son*, yet the only one of all his children who attended him in his difficulties!

VII.

A Father's ills to ſhare.—" My virtuous boy!"
Exclaim'd the ſometime Monarch; (Grief and Joy,
Alternately preſiding o'er his brow,)
" Be timely prudent!—Fly this ſeat of woe"

VIII.

" To me leave ſorrow, haſte, and with thee bear,
" This noble pledge, companion of my care,
" Take her, my Son!—Together go!— Nor doubt,
" But Heav'n will guard, where e'er thy devious route:

IX.

" In other climes, will raiſe thee up a friend,
" When I am laid, where toil and ſorrows end;
" Where patient ſuff'rers ceaſe to heave the ſigh!
" And ev'ry tear is wip'd from ev'ry eye.

X.

" From me transfer thy duty, nor neglect
" One kindred office due!—Watch o'er, reſpect,
" Remember ſtill to chear each lonely hour!
" And be thy zeal amends for loſs of dow'r.

XIV

" Enough !—Thy face declares thou wilt obey,
" Hard was the taſk !—But worſe remains to ſay—
" Farewell, for ever !—God preſerve my ſon !—
" Nay !—Hold thy tears !—Heav'n's will muſt needs be done !

XII.

" Maria ! Wife ! Companion ! Miſtreſs ! Love !
" Look on my gallant Boy !—His worth approve,
" Diſtreſs o'erwhelms me,—Thou ha'ſt heard !—Behold
" Thy ſummons hence !—The Eaſt is ſtreak'd with gold."

XIII.

From ev'ry eye then fell a ſcalding ſhow'r,
Sighs fill'd the dome, 'till BERWICK ſummon'd pow'r,
His duteous wiſh of ſervice to impart,
With voice full ſweet, tho' full of grief his heart.

I.

" 'Tis not for me! whom laws disclaim,
" 'Gainst others to inveigh,
" Who hold by courtesy the name,
" That lifts my hopes on high.

II.

" Who dare not, e'en in secret pray'r!
" Commend my origin *;
" Or claim with Church-born, Virtue's care,
Unhappy Child of Sin!

III.

" Tis not for me to question those
" Who lead the present hour,
" Or ask their wrongs who thus expose
" Their Sire to angry Pow'r.

* Being born without the pale of the Church.

IV.

" But this I know ;—I ne'er will ſlight
" Thy laws—Thy will is mine,
" Save the command impos'd this night,
" Which love and zeal decline.

V.

" Think not !—I lightly deem the charge
" Affection wou'd beſtow,
" Or take it back, or elſe enlarge,
" With—" Guard thy father too !"

VI.

" Hear my reſolves, and if too vain ;
" Oh call them duty's fault !
" If HERE thou ſtay'ſt, HERE I'll remain,
" Tho' various ills aſſault.

VII.

" If thou wilt ſeek ſome milder ſhore,
" Where peaceful banners wave,
" Or if thou'lt ſeek the field of gore,
" Where honour finds a grave,

VIII.

" WHERE'ER thou goeſt—THERE I'll go,
" Where e'er thy home—there mine!
" Thy Friend, my Friend, thy Foe my Foe,
" Thus Fate our web ſhall twine.

IX.

" I'll either rear thy ſtandard high,
" Or draw the trenchant blade,
" Bleſs thee with ſongs of victory,
" Or join the ſilent dead.

X.

" Or if the pomp of war deſpis'd,
" You ſhun the tented plain,
" And leave a throne, for joys more priz'd,
" Where Prieſts and Penance reign,

XI.

" The joys that youth and beauty give,
" All mirth inſpires ſubdu'd,
" With thee in calm content I'll live,
" And prize e'en ſolitude.

XII.

XII.

" And when the parting hour ſhall come,
" If Thou, by Deſtiny,
" Wept, ſorely wept, firſt preſs the tomb,
" Where e'er Thou ly'ſt—I'll lie.

I.

WHILE BERWICK pour'd th' effuſions of his ſoul,
The grey-ey'd Morn', on Night, ſlow-pacing ſtole;
But yet in Death's reſemblance, Slumber held,
All, ſave the Mind oppreſs'd, by Care, compell'd

II.

To painful watching,—Time forbade delay,
And Prudence urg'd election of ſome way,
The day's events ſecurely to await,
The Sire reſolv'd—and thus reveal'd of Fate.

I.

" THE die is caſt! Dear Partners of Diſtreſs!
" In other realms we'll ſeek loſt happineſs,
" Ye precious Relics, all that JAMES can boaſt,
" In virtue we'll be rich, tho' empire's loſt.

II.

" Let Earth-born Friends forſake!—With Virtue ours,
" We'll brave Affliction's temporary pow'rs,
" Fore-taught. Who prove this vale the vale of tears,
" When vaſt Eternity's revolving years

III.

" Become their own—Shall enter at the door
" That ſhuts out Mis'ry—Then—' Weep no more!'
" (Saluting Choirs ſhall ſing) ' Ye Mind oppreſs'd!
' Ye heavy laden; lo!—the ſeats of reſt!

IV.

'By kind Redemption's Grace, ſecur'd your own,
'Be grateful, praiſe the Source, and praiſe the Throne."
" Let then *our* minds, *theſe* paſſing ills regard,
" Probation only, for the great reward.

V.

" Wrapt in Futurity, mine eye ſurveys
" A train of dreadful but important days,
" Of blood—Libation ſhall be pour'd—to grace
" The laſt ſad victim of a wretched Race.

VI.

" Yet who ſucceeds ſhall never rear a ſon,
" To wear that Crown which Stratagem hath won.
" For know—'the Remnant* ſhall return,'—whoſe Line
" Shall put forth Branches, numerous as the Vine.

VII.

" In diff'rent arts excelling, they ſhall 'riſe
" The Pride of Earth, the Glory of the Skies.
" In Council learned, ſome ſhall guide at home,
" On boundleſs Ocean, others far ſhall roam;

* The preſent Royal Family are deſcended from Elizabeth, eldeſt daughter of James I.

VIII.

VIII.

" Others to diſtant provinces decreed,
" The ſweets of Liberty and Peace ſhall lead,
" By bright example teach the road to Fame,
" And keep pre-eminent the Britiſh Name.

IX.

" That *All* ſhall be according to my word,
" Mark in ſome ſafe, unperiſhing Record,
" When *This* bleſs'd Æra of Perfection's near,
" A new-born Star* ſhall deck the Hemiſphere.

X.

" Virtues like thine, my BERWICK! Heaven admires!
" Yet form not hope t' attain thy great deſires;—
" I never more ſhall reign, yet thou ſhalt prove,
" Unchang'd in duty, and unchang'd in love.

XI.

" In fields of Fate thy courage ſhall be tried,
" With crimſon, oft' thy white-plum'd helm be dy'd:
" Oft' ſhalt thou conquer, ſafe return from fight,
" At length!—thy ſword, undrawn†, be plung'd in night!

* Herſchell's Georgium Sidus.
† He was killed by a cannon ball, while reconnoitring the enemy's lines.

XII.

XII.

" Shrink not for that—thy Name (the Soldier's joy)
" Shall live where Time itſelf can ne'er deſtroy,
" In Honour's temple, BERWICK high ſhall ſtand,
" And *Praiſe* from *ev'ry Sect*, and *ev'ry State* command!

XIII.

" MARIA's hapleſs fate, with mine combin'd,
" Will need the aid of a religious mind;
" The ſighs to check, and murmurs to with-hold
" Thoſe cares will force, which Nature hath enroll'd.

XIV.

" Many the ſorrows we muſt learn to bear!
" In exile paſs full many a tedious year,
" At Death's pale hour, no Friend to cloſe our eyes,
" Or drop the tear upon our obſequies.

XV.

" But Morning warns Us hence!—Be this embrace
" The laſt we take in this, late happy place;
" Now, hand-in-hand, our irkſome ſteps we'll trace,
" Like the unhappy firſtlings of our Race.

XVI.

XVI.

" MARIA! BERWICK! Come!—Without reply,—
With *Sad! Slow! Step!* and back revolving eye,
(Led by unhappy STUART) forth they went,
And trod the dreary path of baniſhment!

" AGAIN the trumpet blew—Tremendous hour!
" The cannon roll'd a dreadful peal;
" A ſhout from thouſands bleſs'd the new-made Pow'r,
" And Eccho anſwer'd—WILLIAM!—HAIL!

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FINIS.

XVI.

" Maria! Berwick! Come!—Without reply,—
With Sad! Slow! Step! and back revolving eye,
Led by unhappy STUART) forth they went,
And trod the dreary path of banishment!

"AGAIN the trumpet blew—Tremendous hour!
"The cannon roll'd a dreadful peal;
"A flight from thousands bleak'd the new-made Pow'r,
"And Echo answer'd—WILLIAM!—HAIL!

FINIS.